THE NEWS-HERALD.

ESTABLISHED 1837. HILLSBORO, HIGHLAND CO., O., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1886. VOL. 50—NO. 4

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.

THE Board of School Examiners of Highland county give notice, that examinations of Applicants for Certificates will take place in the Hillsboro Union School building on the first Saturday of every month, and on the third Saturday of February, March, April, August, September and October. The Examination fee prescribed by law is 50 cents. By order of the Board.

an20y1 E. G. SMITH, Clerk.

TRAMP PRINTER

Writes a Little on Various Subjects,

But Fears to Designate it Pi,

Lest the Gentle Reader be Tempted to Say "Chestnuts."

A Model Journal of the "New South"—A Good Fellow, but a Poor Politician—The Big Loop in the U. P. R. R.—An Ancient Joke—More Real Spring Poetry.

The Vicksburg *Evening Post*, one of the most interesting, liberal, patriotic and best conducted journals in America, does me the honor to publish in full the long rigamarole I recently wrote while very righteously incensed at the perpetrators of the negro massacre at Carrollton in that State, and prefaces it with the following lines: "The following is an extract from 'Tramp Printer's' correspondence in the Hillsboro (Ohio) *News*. The writer was a local reporter on this paper two years ago, and a member of the Vicksburg Mozart Club. We believe he writes in a fair and unprejudiced manner, and that he entertains kindly feelings for the people of Mississippi, and especially for those of Vicksburg, and what he sets down is 'more in sorrow than in anger'."

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And just to prove what I said when I wrote that such actions were deplored by the best and most intelligent citizens of the State, I append the following extract from the same paper. But this doesn't release the State from her responsibility for the enforcement of her laws, and the proper punishment of murderers: "The killing of ten negroes, and the wounding of others, while a trial was in progress at the Court House at Carrollton, adds another chapter to the horrible outrages that already disgrace the annals of Mississippi, and Carroll county (the home of U. S. Senator George) will now take rank with Copiah and Yazoo in the unenviable reputation they have made throughout the country. It is not probable any attempt will be made to arrest or punish the mob engaged in the murders. The State Administration seems to take no cognizance of such events and it is not probable that it will now change its course. The State, however, should protect its citizens who are in custody, or undergoing trial, and should repress mob law, and any State Government that fails to do this is a failure. The Carroll massacre was unnecessary, and ought to have been avoided. The comments made upon this terrible affair, by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, and the New Orleans *States*, are such as will be made by law-abiding and humane citizens all over the United States."

* * * * *

And while I'm writing on the subject I may mention an interrogation the paper makes after quoting an extract from a Georgia paper which said that Southern Congressmen were much disturbed lest they be sandwitched between Smalls and O'Hara (colored members) at the executive dinners. Then the *Post* enquires: "And was it for this that ballot-boxes were stuffed, votes repressed and the foundation principles of free government overturned, in several of the Southern States?" Perhaps, (though it *oughtn't* to be necessary to mention it) the *Post* is a Democratec paper. When all Democratic papers speak as justly and fearlessly, such outrageous lawlessness will become unpopular.

* * * * *

I am indebted to Mr. John J. Fallon, Traveling Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific, of Helena, Montana, for two copies of the *Independent* of that city, containing accounts of his nomination for Democratic candidate for City Treasurer, from one of which I clip the following: "The nomination of John J. Fallon for City Treasurer is eminently a good one. He will poll the full vote of the Democracy, and should in addition receive the vote of every young man in the city, without regard to politics. Young, energetic, of excellent business qualifications, occupying as he has for the past five years a position of trust and confidence, popular with the people at large, respected by his business associates, a young man of strict integrity—the recognition of the young Democracy in his person appeals very strongly to the citizens of Helena, and his election to the office is almost assured." That is all good and true—but John forgot to send me the paper that tells of his being snowed under about umty-steen feet deep by his Republican opponent. What a pity that he is a Democrat; because he would make a good officer.

* * * * *

Mr. Fallon also kindly sends me a copy of the "U. P. Tourist," an elegant book full of pictures of the pretty scenery out that way. The frontispiece represents the great loop in the U. P. just above Georgetown, Colorado, which I pronounce a marvel of engineering. The road goes over five miles of track to get from Georgetown to Silver Plume, which places are but one mile apart by an air line. The road runs up the Clear Creek canon. The engine climbs and curves through Georgetown, which is almost totally surrounded by snowy mountains, passes the Bridal Veil Falls and Devil's Gate (Bridal Veil Falls and Devil's Gates are as common out that way as Lover's Leaps are at Eastern summer resorts). Looking directly overhead you see a high iron railroad bridge crossing the one you are riding on at right angles, yet crescent shaped. "You wonder what road that is," says a writer who has seen it, "and how it got there. For a little way the track is comparatively straight, then it veers to the right, crosses the creek and starts down the valley, but up grade. Then the creek is crossed again on a high iron bridge. Looking down you see a track below you. You wonder what track it is and how it got there. Look again—it is your own track. You have ridden over an immense loop." This seems funny, and you can hardly conceive how it can be, but such is the case. When I was at Georgetown I walked up onto the bridge and threw pebbles into the creek below. A residenter who was with me told me that the bridge was one hundred and thirty-seven feet high by actual count, but as the railroad pamphlets only claim eighty-six feet I rather suspect that the residenter lied about it. The bridge is three hundred feet in length. There are but four such specimens of engineering in the world. Of the other three one is on the Southern Pacific, one in Switzerland, and one in the South American Andes. It cost $200,000 to construct the loop, and the line from Georgetown to Graymont, a distance of a little over eight miles was $465,000. And yet the Columbus & Maysville road isn't finished! I think I shall save the money I get for writing this summer and build three or four little loops, just for fun.

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It is funny how the old, moss-covered chestnuts—with whiskers on 'em—circle around and come back to us after many years, and it is funny how some editors—who ought to be able to discriminate in such cases—will let them slip into the columns over which they preside. And it is funnier still how others can have the gall to try to make folks imagine them new. This week's *Peck's Sun*, for instance, among a number of paragraphs accredited to the Evansville *Argus* gives us that old almanac chestnut about the kid at the breakfast table, telling his newly-wedded brother-in-law that "Ma said he was Lottie's last chance, so she'd better take him." That one carries me back many a long summer ago, when—but *tempus fugit* and so must I.

* * * * *

Gentle reader (my friend, the Chillicothe *Leader's* "Rambler," says the reader is supposed to be gentle) my gypsy proclivities are crowding out my desire to linger longer amid the fair vales and ridges of the Highland hills and I take this opportunity to tell you good-by till I see you again. By the time you read this I will be off on a tour. The Capital City of our State will probably first claim my attention and next week you will probably hear from me there. And as to where I may not get to before I come back you must consult some one more prophetic than I. I am glad to get out of striking distance before you get to see the following, which is—

* * * * *

A CHESTNUT DONE OVER.

And now Sarah Bernhardt is telling, they say,
That she don't like to wear dresses cut decolette;
And I'll bet when she wears one 'twill be a cold day
For the tender young darling is not built that way.

Be sure and pronounce that last word in the second line deco*lay*, or this don't go.

* * * * *

I would have saved the following effusion until next week, only for the fact that it will soon be too warm to have fire in the stove, and of course as I'd have no business to be sitting before the stove in warm weather it would detract from the realism of the description, and injure an offering to the muses otherwise worthy of Joaquin Miller or some of the other Millers—or, I may say, of my friend and compeer, Baron Tennyson. With best love and good wishes I remain, gentle reader, as ever, yours affectionately.

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THE VILLAGE STORE.

As I musing sat this morning
In my chair before the stove,
Thinking of gone days of childhood,
And of scenes I'll ever love,
All at once I had a vision
Of the long gone days of yore;
And I saw—well I remember—
Deacon Wright's old cross-roads store.

I remember that in childhood
Well I loved to linger there,
'Mid the barrels, bins and boxes
And around the old stove, where
Odors of the teas and spices
Mingled with those from the floor
And perfumed the air so sweetly,
In the old-time village store.

Happy was I long to linger
There in childhood's care-free day
After taking eggs and butter
From the farm two miles away;
Then to me seemed nothing greater,

* * * * *

And I well remember more
Cramps I had from eating candy
Purchased at the Deacon's store.

* * * * *

NATURE'S SERENADE.

When the moon's calm rays are thrown
O'er the earth in night's still hours
And low breezes, softly blown,
Shake green leaves and bend sweet flow'rs,
When the boughs creak low and long,
When the night bird adds its song,
When the cricket neath a blade
Of damp grass chirps; and the naiad
In the fountain gently plays
Fairy harps and fairy lays—
I upon my pillow raise
As I hear the soft sounds fade—
This is nature's serenade.

Tramp Printer

DOWN TO CALICO.

A Story in Six Chapters.

BY JANIE DIMPLE CHIN.

CHAPTER II.

Helen Hunter's reply to Gertrude letter contained some facts that astounded the inquirer. Elsie Lee was the belle of the circle in which she moved. She eclipsed all rivals in her beauty and graces, and thus monopolized the attentions of beaux to her heart's content. Furthermore, Helen stated, with almost absolute certainty, that Richard Fessenden and Elsie Lee had been betrothed for some time. Helen, with her own eyes, had seen tokens of regards passed between them, which supported her in this belief. Gertrude gasped, and, shrugging her shoulders, ejaculated "Oh, my!" as she read the unwelcome information. The task she had playfully undertaken now proved to be one of large dimensions. For half an hour she sat drumming on her desk, and then, replacing the letter in its envelope, she rose with a resolute expression on her face and her lips firmly compressed. She had weighed the evidence and formed her verdict, and the resolve she made at that moment did not contemplate the welfare of Elsie Lee.

The work of lawyers is like the work of detectives in that it is much more laborious than anyone imagines. The public knows little of any case till the rigmarole of evidence is brought out in open court. But the lawyer must know it all before, and the good lawyer knows not only the evidence for his client, but also the evidence against him. All the work of preparing the theory of the case and culling the testimony is the lawyer's. Every day of monotonous grind in the court-room is but the fruition of some lawyer's planning.

The day assigned for a murder case in Common Pleas was approaching, and there was a consequent bustle among the attorneys. The accused was a young man of wealthy and respectable family, and he had entrusted the management of his case to Davenport, Hammond & Eels. Judge Davenport was not a very active member of the firm, except when some important trial was on hand. At other times he was more fond of shaving notes and taking mortgages. Messrs. Hammond and Eels did most of the legal labor and divided the profits with the Judge, who, of course, was entitled to one-third of the fees for allowing his name to appear on the office shingle. He had taken an unusual interest in this case and was well grounded in the evidence with which the firm had fortified itself. He even took pains to advise his partners as to certain points of testimony material to the issue, and his financial matters did not occupy so much of his time and attention. Richard Fessenden had been appointed to assist the the prosecution, and to say he worked diligently is a feeble expression. The Prosecutor was Dick's senior by a few years, but he was not Dick's equal in ability. Besides, his laziness was a matter of public comment and had often proved a blessing to the lawyers who opposed him. Dick found him rather a hindrance than a helper in ferreting out the circumstances of the killing. However, the State had the best side of the case, and public opinion was against the defendant. Lucky is the young lawyer who gets on the winning side of a murder case, when the verdict of the jury agrees with the wishes of the public. But hold! Let us not go too fast. The verdict is not yet announced, and the decision of twelve men is as uncertain as next year's weather. Dick tried to stir up Smucker, the lazy Prosecutor, and failing in this, did the work of two men himself. There was a constant anxiety in his mind, and this kept him busily examining the evidence till there was no stone unturned, and he had gained a formidable array of testimony.

But his mind was not totally filled with anxiety, for, we believe, one whole department of his brain was engaged in taking cognizance of admirable traits to be found in the character of Gertrude Davenport.

One chilly morning a ragged urchin accosted Dick on the street with a request for charity:

"Mister, please gimme a cent?"

"Amazing avarice!" exclaimed Dick, as he looked down at the boy, holding a bunch of papers under his arm and wriggling and shuffling as if it were a matter of business. A small toe protruding from a dilapidated shoe, a red nose, and two wrists, poorly protected by short coat sleeves and blue with cold, showed just cause for an attempt to hasten the circulation of the blood.

"What do you want with so much money?"

"Glick and me wants to git a blanket. Like to froze at the box las' night. Glick's got nineteen cents and I've got four." Here the boy kicked at a piece of paper that the wind was carrying up the street.

"And who is Glick?"

"He's my pardner. He's down with the measles; an' 'e couldn't git out o' the box at all this mornin', an' I had to carry his papers."

"The *box*?"

"Yes, that's down by the engin' house. Say, don't you want to git a paper? All about the glass-blower's strike."

"How many have you got?"

"Six," said the boy, when he had counted them very slowly.

"Well, I'll take all you've got."

"Oh hoopey! Why say, mister, I kin git you some more if you want 'em."

"No, never mind," said Dick, as he handed the boy his change, "I've got as many as I want."

The boy turned over the coins looking for punched nickles, and having satisfied himself, straightened up for a run down the street, when Dick stopped him.

"Don't you want to run an errand?'

"Wy, y-e-s," the boy replied, looking up wonderingly at Dick. He evidently thought he had struck an archangel.

"Well, come along then," and Dick led the way toward his law office, while the fidgety urchin shuffled along behind him.

"Tell you, old crimpy's hustlin' this mornin'", the boy remarked, as he darted up the office stairway, glad to get away from the chilly blast.

While Dick was writing the boy sat near the grate, occasionally glancing at Dick, and then up at the benign faces of the two martyred President's on the wall.

"Now, do you know where Judge Davenport lives?" asked Dick, as he scribbled a name on the back of the envelope.

"Davenport?" The boy studied a little. "Yes I guess so."

Dick explained the location and then started him out with his message to Gertrude. After the noise of the boy's feet on the stairway had died away, Dick bethought himself of his purchase and began to scan the columns of the *Enquirer*.

There were four *Enquirers* and two *Gazettes* in the package, all of the same date.

"Hello here!" Dick exclaimed, as something half way down a column caught his eye. The sub-heading to an article entitled, "November Nuptials," was, "Fessenden-Arnott."

The hyphen of course meant "joined together." Dick at once recognized his name-sake as the contracting party of the first part, for he, himself, had never heard of Miss Laura Arnott. The editor had made the mortifying mistake of describing the groom as a "rising young lawyer, and a gentleman of high social standing, who came here a few years ago from Toledo." The newly-married man was also said to be the nephew of Richard Y. Fessenden, President of the Marine bank.

"He's got the two Richard Fessendens mixed up. This will have to be straightened out," Dick soliloquized in a matter of fact way. Throwing down the paper he put his feet on the top of the desk and began to think of the inconvenience of being written down a married man instead of someone else. Pretty soon the funny phase of the misrepresentation dawned upon him and he burst into a laugh. The look of amusement had not left his face when his vagabond errand boy appeared, puffing like a little engine.

"Find the house?" Dick queried.

"Yes."

"Did they send anything back by you?"

"No. When I rung and give the letter to the old gal that come to the door, she looked kind o' horny and you bet I skipped and didn't wait for nothin'."

Dick gave the urchin a half a dollar and the lad's eyes got as big as his wages. He edged away toward the door as if he was afraid he would be deprived of his fortune if he tarried.

"Hold on on a minute. What's your name?"

The boy had one hand on the door-knob, while the other tightly grasped the fifty cent piece in his pocket.

"Buckles."

"Buckles? Yes. Well, 'Buckles,' what?"

"That's all. Jis' Buckles," said the boy, squirming in the half open door.

"All right, Buckles. Good day."

The door slammed and again the clatter of the boy's feet could heard, hurrying down the stairway.

In a short time a lank, colored boy stalked up the stairs. handed Dick a note, bowed stiffly, and disappeared. Tearing it open, he read Gertrude's reply in two words, "I please." Dick smiled at the brevity,—but if he had seen Gertrude at that moment he might have frowned.

She too had read the account of "November Nuptials" in the morning papers, and was not a little amused at the editor's mistake. Dick's note gave her an idea. It read, 'If you please, I will call to-morrow eve," and as soon as the colored boy had been dispatched with her pointed reply, she again took her pen and began to imitate Dick's careless penmanship. Dick wrote a scrawling hand that was hard to counterfeit, but Gertrude was an apt learner and she persisted in the effort until she had mastered the difficulty. Then she marked the marriage notice of Fessenden-Arnott in the *Enquirer*, enclosed it in a wrapper and addressed it to Elsie Lee, 632 Creighton Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Several times during the day Dick was congratulated by friends and fellow-attorneys upon his entrance into the matrimonial state, and his discomfiture in explaining the predicament was amusing. At last he made his way to the editor and told him of the blunder, much to the amazement of the scribe. Having been promised a thorough correction and "vindication" in the next issue, Dick went his way.

That evening Dick sat with a group of men about the hotel office. Some were chronic loafers and some were chronic story tellers, and a few were present, not from choice, but because they had nothing else to do. One or two were perusing the evening papers. All smoked continually and joked occasionally. A long-winded narrative about a hair-breadth escape from Mohawk Indians in the Rocky Mountains, by a sporting man, whose character for veracity was not of the highest, was cut short by a crash against the street door. The latch gave way, the door flew open, and a young man fell sprawling into the room. Scrambling slowly to his feet, he staggered across the floor, kicked against one chair and fell into another, where he sat stupidly returning the gaze of the crowd. Every one was silent.

"Hey, Dick, you here?" he said, with a drunken leer.

"Wh-why don't ye talk to me?"

Here, Ansing, the clerk, appeared on the scene with a lemon-squeezer in his hand, and demanded that the young man be quiet or remove his presence.

The drunken fellow was insulted and showed his resentment by rising and advancing unsteadily toward Ansing, swearing vengeance as he went. The clerk stepped back a little and then gave his assailant a vigorous push. The latter reeled and fell over a chair. The fall seemed to sober him a little, and, when he regained his feet, he quickly drew a revolver and fired. Ansing drew back the lemon-squeezer to strike, but a bystander caught his hand and the row was stopped in short order. A number of strong men disarmed the intruder and committed him to the care of a policeman, who appeared at that moment. No one was hurt, the ball having glanced against the stove and lodged in a chair. The drunken young man, who departed in the custody of the police, was Fred Seymour.

Dick had been a silent onlooker at first, but when a tragedy seemed imminent it was he that caught Ansing's hand. He knew that Fred recognized him, and he was not greatly surprised when an officer, in a blue coat with brass buttons, came to his office next morning, saying that a young man in custody at the police station wished to consult with him. Dick put on his hat and accompanied the officer to the cell where Fred was imprisoned. The haggard face and sullen, blood-shot eyes told of last night's debauch, and Fred was hardly sober yet. He talked much and incoherently, apologizing to Dick for having become intoxicated, and berating the impudence of Ansing. He did not want to plead guilty to the charges that would be laid against him, claiming that that would certainly ruin his reputation.

"It is no use, Fred," Dick replied. "You are guilty of shooting with intent to wound, if not to kill, and if I were placed upon the witness stand I could not testify in your favor. You had better plead guilty, sir. That will be the nearest way out of this scrape. If you do not they will prove it on you, anyhow, and that will be so much the worse for you."

"But then the provocation," said Fred.

"Don't talk of provocation," said Dick, impatiently. "You assaulted that man in the hotel where he was clerk. You had no business there whatever, you had not the slightest provocation, and no witness will say you had."

"Well if that is the way you talk, I guess I won't need you," Fred replied, with a bitter smile.

"I'm sure I have no ill will against you," Dick said, less harshly, "but there is no defense in your case, and you can not manufacture one."

"I'll not trouble you further, then," and Fred turned from the iron grating through which he had been looking, and walked back to the hard cot in the rear of the cell.

Dick hesitated. He did not know whether he was deserting a friend in a time of need or not. But when Fred called "Good morning" through the grating of the door, Dick returned the salute and walked out.

At his office he busied himself reviewing pages of law-books, whose leaves he had turned down for future reference, but the recollection of his interview with Fred troubled him. Much as he might condemn Fred's folly, yet he pitied him and, although he felt he had acted justly in talking to Fred as he did, he wondered if justice was not sometimes too harsh. Then he thought of Gertrude and asked himself if she would approve of his treating Fred Seymour in so unfriendly a manner.

At her own home Gertrude received the young lawyer most pleasantly. In her conduct there was an innocent freedom, which Dick noticed in contrast with her quiet dignity at Dora Canning's party a few evenings ago. Her humor was more pointed and her general conversation more vivacious than before. At least, so it seemed to Dick. It mattered not what course the conversation took, Gertrude's good natured sarcasm made sport of it. Once while customs and fashions were under discussion, Dick remarked that both depended upon the community in which one lived, some things being customary in one place, some in another.

"Yes," said Gertrude, soberly, "I think a great deal depends upon the society in which one is reared. For instance, I think the young ladies of Toledo are much more attractive than those of Cincinnati."

"What do you know about the young ladies of Toledo?" Dick asked, wonderingly.

"Oh, well I know something but I guess I had better not tell," she replied, laughing roguishly at Dick's embarassment. In common with her sex she loved to tease by telling half a story and leaving the listener furiously desirous to know the remainder. Later in the evening, Gertrude asked in a subdued tone, if Dick had heard how badly Fred Seymour was doing. Dick had made up his mind not to tell her of the morning's episode, but it flashed upon him that this girl, who knew so much about himself, might have heard every particular of last evening's happening. He ran the gauntlet by saying:

"Yes, I have heard a little about it."

This was a topic that Gertrude could get no fun from, so she did not continue it further. Really Dick's watch seemed much too fast at the hour of departure, but it corresponded with the clock on the mantle-piece, and both could not be in error. Of course Gertrude extended a pressing invitation as Dick stood hat in hand at the door, and there was a tacit understanding that his visits to the Davenport home were to be more frequent in the future.

[*To be continued.*]

THAT $60,000.

A Ringing Letter from Governor Hart,

In Defense of Highland County Pensioners.

EDITOR NEWS-HERALD:—An article appears in a recent issue of the Hillsboro *Gazette*, which is intended by its author to throw discredit upon my conduct and that of other Republicans in the Congressional campaign of 1884. I have made it a general rule not reply to newspaper attacks, but the article in question is being copied into other papers, and perhaps demands an answer.

The writer charges, in substance, that in the campaign of 1884 sixty thousand dollars was paid from the Government Treasury to Democratic soldiers in Highland county in consideration that they should vote for me; that a list of sixty-three applicants for pensions was sent to the Commissioner of Pensions, and at my request their claims were made special, and most of them allowed, and by this method the sixty thousand was secured; that the Pension Department aided me in the accomplishment of this purpose; that particular attention was paid to weak-kneed Democrats, while Republican claimants were neglected, and that six special examiners were sent in to Highland county to assist in this work; that the $60,000 so obtained was a vast corruption fund paid to Democratic soldiers and that by means of it they were induced to vote for me and thereby "sell their birthright."

The whole article is unjust to me, ununjust to the Pension Department, and especially unjust to the soldiers of Highland county. While it is in some measure aimed at me, it is more particularly aimed at the soldiers. It is a sneer and an insult to those persons in the county who have obtained and are now receiving pensions from the Government.

I am not able to state how many Highland county soldiers obtained pensions in whole or in part through my influence in the year 1884. Neither am I able to state the politics of these soldiers, for the simple reason that I never knew and never inquired as to their political opinions. It is claimed in the article referred to that a majority of these were Democrats. I think this is a mistake; but as before intimated I have no means of knowledge upon the subject. The greater portion of these people were men and women whom I never saw and only knew of ther claims by letters received from them or their friends. There never was any purpose upon my part to discriminate in favor or against any soldier on account of his political opinions.

I have within the last four years called upon the Pension Department in person or by letter in the interest of several hundred soldiers. Every man, woman and child who had a pension claim pending in the Department and who appealed to me for assistance, if I believed the claim was just, received all the aid I was able to render. I did it cheerfully and gladly. It is probable that many of these claims were hastened or allowed through my influence. I hope so, and my only regret is that I was not able to accomplish more than I did.

The article in question overrates my influence and gives me undue praise for what was accomplished. I can hardly believe that I was instrumental in securing $60,000 for the soldiers of Highland county in the fall of 1884. I hope, however, it is true. Not one dollar of this money came to me, not one dollar of it was used for political purposes. It went to furnish bread, clothing and shelter to soldiers and their families. I am glad to know that I have been instrumental in some slight degree in caring for the wants and making glad the hearts of the sick and maimed veterans of the Union army. If I obtained $60,000 of pensions for the soldiers of Highland, I did an equal share for each of the other counties in the district. So that this which the *Gazette* contemptutously calls a corruption fund will amount to $200,000 dollars or more. If it was $200,000 in the fall of 1884, it must have been several times that during the last four years. I did less in the fall of 1884 than at other period for the reason that I was very much occupied by the general matters of the campaign.

Neither in that campaign or any other did I ever promise to obtain a pension for a soldier in consideration that he would vote for me. In some instances they would voluntarily tender their support, but while thanking them, I invariably said I should do what I could, without regard to their political opinions or their votes. It was sufficient for me that they were soldiers, or widows or orphans of soldiers and were entitled to pensions. My views upon this question are pretty well known. I believe every needy soldier and every widow or child of a soldier who died in the service, or died from wounds or disease contracted in the service should be pensioned.

How small and contemptible it is to charge that the pension money paid by the Government to the soldiers of the country to furnish bread and shelter should be called a corruption fund, and that the heroes who fought for the nation and who, now in their old age and poverty, receive this pittance are to be told that they have sold their birth-

[*Continued on eighth page.*]